



View of Washington Today From the Dome of the Capitol.

war minister, Louvet, 'ill-looking, weakly, near sighted and slovenly—a mere nobody to the crowd.' Yet this little whiffet of a man, whom the hoosiers would not call even an 'individual,' nothing more than a 'remote circumstance,' was the Atlas that bore upon his shoulders the weight of Jackson's administration.

"No man, morally, has been more variously estimated than this gentleman.

"His enemies allege that he was, like Swift,



Gov. H. D. Cooke.

the greatest libeler of the day, and possessed all the qualifications it requires—a vindictive temper—no admiration of noble qualities—no sympathy with suffering—no conscience; but a clear head—a cold heart—a biting wit—a sarcastic humor—a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, and a perfect familiarity with everything that is low in language and vulgar in society.

"These, however, are extreme opinions. Many who know Mr. Kendall intimately attribute to him the most exalted public and private virtue and great generosity of heart."

What John C. Rives Had to Say.

The publication of Colonel Claiborne's article brought out from John C. Rives a chapter of reminiscences of the editors and publishers of Jackson's time, in which he says:

"The character of Blair, drawn by Colonel Claiborne, is, we think, a very just one. It was not his nature to be 'savage and ferocious,' but he thought his duty to his party

sometimes—yea, oftentimes—required that he should use the tomahawk and the scalping knife—and he did. It gave him pain to do so. Often, when he was about attacking a man, whom he respected personally, but abhorred politically, he said to us: 'It gives me pain to attack that man, but he is restive and kicking in the traces, and complaining that the collar is too small for him and chafes him. We must whip him in, or whip him out at once, before he gets a little drove to go off with him.'

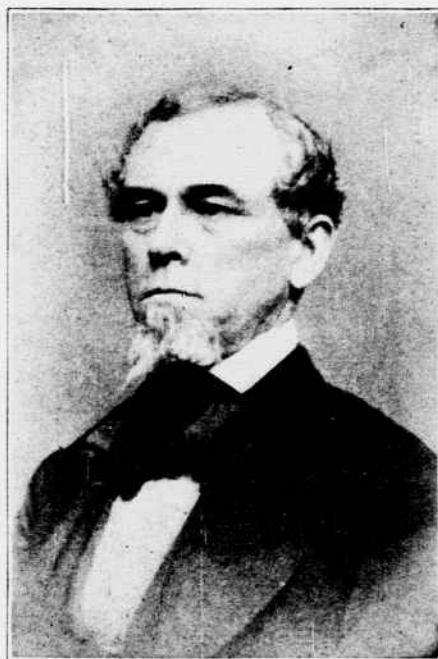
"What Colonel Claiborne has said of him as to his 'singular facility' in writing is true; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.' Both his leaders and followers were written with a lead pencil, after night, in a great hurry, and we had to keep two boys to run to him for copy. We have known him to send one of the boys after the other to overtake him and get the last word on the last sheet sent off. He rarely, if ever, wrote an article by daylight.

"He does not care for money. Several times, while we were partners, we attempted to tell him how we were getting along in money matters, and he as often replied that he did not desire to know, and changed the subject. A year or two after we dissolved partnership, he asked us how much he was worth? and we answered about \$125,000, besides his property in this city, and where he lives. He replied, 'That is more than any man should own—\$100,000 is enough.' Four or five years ago we told him that the way he was going on spending his money he would run through it all in ten years; to which he replied, 'I don't care; that is as long as I expect to live, and my children are well to do, and doing well.'

"We will finish Blair's picture by portraying his personal appearance, and stating what he has said in the Globe of others who looked like him. He is about five feet ten inches high, and would be full six feet, if his brain were on the top of his head, instead of being in a poll behind it. He looks like a skeleton, lacks but little of being one, and weighed last spring, when dressed in thick winter clothing, 107 pounds, all told; about eighty-five of which, we suppose, was bone, and the other twenty-two pounds, made up of gristle, nerve and brain—flesh he has none. His face is narrow, and of the hatchet kind, according with his meat-ax disposition when writing about his enemies. His complexion is fair, his hair sandy and his eyes blue—his countenance remarkably mild, so firm that he can look any man in the face steadily, without winking. We thought him very homely until we became well acquainted with him and got used to his looks. But we still think he is as homely as one man

in 10,000, not excepting myself—as far as he goes.

"As we have just finished Blair by describing his personal appearance, our own first obtrudes itself; and we wish to get that off our mind. We must admit, as charged, 'a shaggy exterior and very brusque manners.' Well! we are able to bear all. Who cares? We don't. Nature has compensated us—we believe in compensation



Mr. Frank Taylor.

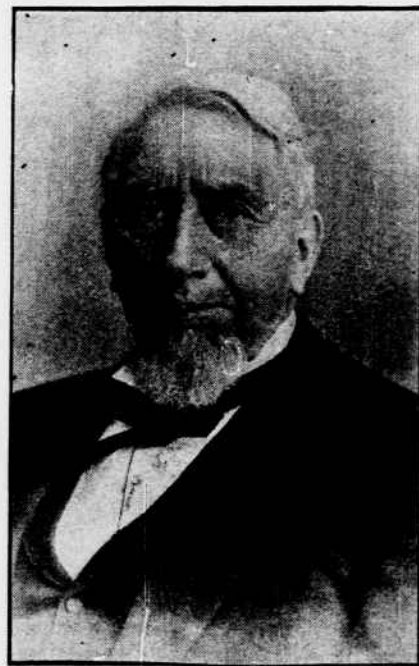
—for our lack of outside polish, by putting good work inside. The time has been when we would have been glad to be handsome; but we now see that beauty would have materially injured, if not entirely ruined us. If we had been handsome, we would have married while young, and would not have had a dollar wherewith to purchase furniture; but, being as we were, we lived single until we had made money enough to support a wife, and take care of any reasonable number of responsibilities that might befall us, and then married a girl of twenty-five, who suited us to a t, as she brought us no money to throw up to us, if we should happen to run through ours, and hers, too; but everything else necessary to render married life agreeable. We now look back upon our cotemporaries who were handsome, and see them with wigs on their heads, false teeth in their mouths and paint and paste on their faces, to hide the marks of age, while we defy the tooth of time, dreading none of its effects, except

decrepitude and death. We are six feet five inches high; weigh 240 pounds, when in good humor, which is usually the case with us; but how much we weigh when mad, we do not know, never being weighed when in that condition; are belligerent, though somewhat bellicose in body; too timid to attack anybody, but not afraid of being attacked by any one.

"Our biographer gives us credit for 'financial talent.' All our art in that line lies in sticking to a good business, keeping but one iron in the fire, and living within an income.

"It is not true, as asserted, that we have on our farm 'the shabbiest stock, the meanest fences and the poorest crops in the country.' On the contrary, all our stock are fat and our fences and crops are good; but we spend about \$2,000 a year more than we get off the farm to keep them so; which is only \$500 a year more than we calculated to lose on it when we purchased it. Our principal object for purchasing a farm in the country was to get our children out of the city."

The personal abuse poured upon Kendall and Blair, referred to in Claiborne's article, was only an answer in kind to the savage style of warfare made by the Globe editors upon their adversaries. As a matter of fact the epithets applied to them are curi-



M. G. Emery.

ously inappropriate. Kendall, who was the most bitterly assailed of the two, devoted a considerable period of his busy life to